Cover to Cover (The Mark of a Lover)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/44208646.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	studding, Reverse Bitching, Bitching, Omegaverse, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Non-Consensual Body Modification, it very much turns consensual in the end do naught worry, i'm tagging bitching anyway for exposure purposes, and also for blacklisting purposes, Angst with a Happy Ending, Top Will Graham, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Come Eating, Hannibal Lecter's Very Active Cowper's Glands, Snowballing, Breeding, Omega Will Graham, Alpha Will Graham, Omega Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Admissions Procedures
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-11 Words: 1,737 Chapters: 1/1

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by divorcecourtdad

Summary

Will and Hannibal are both Omegas. After Tobias' death, Will takes Hannibal home. Hannibal comes to the realization that, if the world will not give him the Alpha he so desires... he will create one.

Notes

obligatory "if you don't like this type of shit fuck off I tagged liberally and appropriately"

tl;dr hannibal transes will's gender. noncon bodymods but will fucks with it in the end. is it brainwashing? probably. are we here for it? absolutely.

i don't usually write porn. i haven't in a long time and i don't think i ever have for omegaverse dynamics, let alone nontrad omegaverse. oh well.

i'm on tumblr if you have complaints, compliments, or concerns.

See the end of the work for more notes

It's been a few weeks since Hannibal locked Will in the basement. At least, that's his best estimation.

Will's sense of time lost all consistency after the first three days. He counts them by meals, now, finding himself ravenous since the accelerated testosterone and alpherone replacement therapies have taken such an extreme toll on his system.

Some things haven't changed. He still nests, diving under the countless warm sheets and fluffy blankets Hannibal provided at the beginning of his stay. They provide him some small comfort, several he recognizes as sourced from his bed in Wolf Trap.

They smell like his dogs.

Hannibal brings Winston, Buster, and Lillie downstairs sometime between weeks ten and twelve.

"Every Alpha needs a pack. I realize now that I have deprived you of yours. They were the only ones Alana hadn't yet rehomed. I am only sorry I could not provide the rest."

Will meets his eyes as his hands clutch at the dogs' fur, frustration and shock warring inside him.

"Dinner and your shots will be ready within the hour." He locks the door behind him when he leaves.

His first rut is more painful than his first heat. His conflicted organs don't know which hormones to listen to, what processes to follow. His cunt is still slick, his vestigial omegan cock quintupled in size and sensitivity.

He has a knot, now.

Pain lances through it and into his stomach. Sometimes, it will shoot down his thighs and into his knees. He desperately, *desperately* needs to cum, to fuck, to rut into *something*.

The urge to breed is foreign and relentless inside him.

Hannibal senses it before he sees it; waking up with the taste of Will on his tongue, scenting the thick fog of rut pheromones making their way through his home.

He reschedules the rest of his week's appointments, and continues on with the start of his Monday like nothing's changed. He carries Will's breakfast down the basement stairs, brings the dogs up and outside for bathroom breaks and a quick walk.

Will is sweaty and whining when Hannibal brings the dogs back downstairs. His food remains untouched, still sitting at the base of the deposit tray.

His nostrils flare when he registers Hannibal's omegan scent. It's not exactly the response Hannibal anticipated, but it's progress nonetheless.

The dogs are let back inside Will's cage.

"I will be back in roughly eight hours. Then we will have the rest of the week to ourselves. How does that sound?"

Will can only close his eyes, and continue to shake as the pain of his rut ravages his changing body.

Hannibal soaks through three pairs of boxers by the time he finishes his workday.

The idea of Will entering his first rut, of being both the reason for that rut and the reason Will is capable of ruts in the first place...

The idea that Hannibal will be the one to help him through it...

His pathetic excuse for a cock has ached for hours, begging for stimulation. Hannibal typically commends himself for the attentiveness with which he approaches his practice but today... Today he is nowhere near focused. All he wants is to be at home, pressed into his bed with his Alpha on top of him, knotted inside him...

Ms. Germaine thankfully leaves a few minutes early, citing a family emergency, and Hannibal practically flies out the door after she drives away.

The commute back home is an excruciating ten minutes. Hannibal is practically vibrating out of his skin, anticipation drawing all sensibilities from him.

Will is still balled up in the center of his nest when Hannibal finds him, but he is no longer shaking. The morning sweat has dried, a thin crust of salt coating his skin. His breathing is deep and slow, mirroring the pace of the dogs in his sleep.

Hannibal lets the dogs have run of the house while he carries Will up to the main bedroom. He is lax in Hannibal's arms, exhaustion evident in the way he can barely support his own head. His pulse is consistent and soft against Hannibal's bicep, and it's all Hannibal can do to keep himself from baring his throat in supplication. His omegan instincts are on overdrive, and Will's rut is only encouraging them further.

Hannibal sets him down on the far side of the bed, creating the illusion of a trap. *If you want to leave, you'll have to go through me*. Will doesn't have the energy to fight it, sinking into the soft mattress and pressing his face into Hannibal's pillows.

He shifts onto his stomach, thrusting his hips in search of friction. The bed beneath him is far too yielding, and he growls in frustration. Hannibal locks the bedroom door and tucks the key into its hiding spot above the vanity, slipping into the shower to prepare himself for the coming hours.

When he reemerges, Will is asleep. Hannibal is disappointed but unsurprised, and slips into bed beside his Alpha.

By the time the first few rays of sunlight stream in through Hannibal's windows, he finds himself tucked into his Alpha's side. Will's cock is firmly pressed into Hannibal's ass, mouth working its way to form what feels like the dozenth bruise along his shoulder. Hannibal finds himself already drenched, cunt responsive even in his sleep. Hannibal gasps, Will's fingers splaying through his chest hair to fondle his small omegan breasts.

One hand begins to wander, gently clutching at his pitiful omegan cock. Hannibal is hard and leaking, suddenly aware of just how overwhelmed he is by his proximity to such strong Alpha and rut pheromones.

Will may be tender with his touches at first, but he does not relent. Hannibal quickly finds himself gasping, reaching back to find purchase on something, *anything*, any part of Will.

Will huffs into Hannibal's shoulder, pace and grip increasing ever so slightly. For the first time in months, he finds his voice, leaning over until his lips just barely brush the tip of Hannibal's ear.

"Aren't you so glad, Hannibal, that your actions have consequences?"

Hannibal lets loose a miserable whine, cock throbbing and dripping in his Alpha's grasp. Will chuckles, collecting the impressive amount of pre-ejaculate and bringing it to his lips. He meets Hannibal's eyes as he licks it from his fingers, enjoying the sudden surge of heat and pheromones rolling from his captor's body.

He presses his lips to Hannibal's, forcing them open with his tongue and forcing the Omega's pre into his own mouth. The ensuing gasp is enough to put a smile on his face, the first in a

very, very long time.

Hannibal turns to face his Alpha as he swallows, rolling the entirety of his body against the man beside him. Will is just as enthusiastic, grabbing the Omega's face with both hands and trapping him in a kiss.

Hannibal's hands explore Will's newly Alpha body, massaging his knot and pressing into the hard, hairy lines of his stomach. His cock is massive, now, and Hannibal's mouth waters at the thought of sinking himself down on top of it.

Will's cunt is just as wet as ever, and Hannibal can't help but play tease. He dips his fingertips into the heat of him, and before he knows it he finds himself on his back, caged in and wrists pinned painfully above his head.

"That's not yours to play with anymore, *Omega*. You made yourself a knot, so that's all you're going to get. Do you understand?"

Hannibal nods, blush creeping up his cheeks and slick soaking the bed beneath him as Will's cock presses against his front.

"Good, because it's time for you to face the music."

Hannibal's eyes flare wide as he suddenly understands, Will releasing his wrists only to shift them both and prepare Hannibal.

Hannibal is tight after entering his golden years of omegahood, and Will's drastic increase in size highlights that. There is a startling amount of pain upon the first thrust, and it continues with the second and the third. Will is single-minded as he fucks, caring for nothing but the warm hole wrapped around his cock and the bonding gland between his teeth.

Despite this, Hannibal is in heaven as Will slides in and out of him. The love of his life latched onto his neck, the success of his own hubris slowly inflating as his slick eases the way. It is a heady thing - to watch your work have such phenomenal results.

Will is remarkably skilled with his new endowment - he rubs against Hannibal's Gräfenberg zone with precision, forcing him toward an orgasm unlike any other. Hannibal's arms lace their way around his neck, legs coaxing the Alpha to remain as close as possible.

"Please," he begs. "Inside. Breed me, Alpha."

Will growls, flipping them over and forcing Hannibal into the standard breeding position. Hannibal finds himself face down, ass up, back in a sharp curve as Will's cockhead kisses bruises into his cervix.

"Is this what you wanted, Omega? You want me to fuck you like this, put my cum in your belly and give you a child?" Tears stream down Hannibal's face as he nods assent. Will speeds up, losing all semblance of control as he bends down and whispers in Hannibal's ear once more.

"You want us to give Abigail a little brother or sister? Start a litter, give our daughter the family she deserves?"

Hannibal is blindsided by his orgasm, image of the three of them raising pups together enough to push him over the edge. Will fucks him through it, knot catching and teeth setting into his bonding gland just as overstimulation begins to pick at his nerves. His stomach cramps as it struggles to accommodate the sudden surge of Will's cum, cunt and womb flooded as he is locked together with his Alpha.

Will presses kisses between his shoulder blades as Hannibal slumps down into bed, thighs trembling with exertion. They turn and spoon into a comfortable position, Will pulling blankets up from the floor and covering them up in preparation for the next several hours.

Hannibal turns, eyes meeting Will's as they settle in for the morning.

"Would you actually," he starts, "give me children if I asked?"

Will smirks as he laps the blood on his mate's neck away, savoring the taste of his conquest.

"Maybe, now that I finally find you interesting."

End Notes

everyone say thank you to the 8 bathroom breaks i had to take while writing this

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